

The Gleaner



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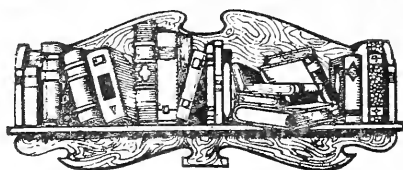
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The Gleaner

VOL. II

MAY, 1915

No. 8



Literae

VICTOR K. FISHLOWITZ, *Editor*

To the Alumni

We have not trod the burning
sands,

And have not sailed the stormy
sea.

We do not have to lift our hands
To ward off harm or injury.

But now there comes a voice so
still,

It brings to mind the faces that

We would recall if by our will

They might find here a habitat.

We sit within our sheltered nook
Unmindful of the storm with-
out;

With scarce a thought or scarce
a look

Upon the struggle all about.

'Tis then we think of all the
friends

Who are without, amid the
strife.

We pray the strength that heaven
sends,

May succor them throughout
this life.

And now while we wish you God-
speed

It still remains for us to say

No matter what your work or
need

You'll find a welcome here al-
way.

V. K. F. '16.

The Shepherd of the Hills

Fate and some half-dozen German bullets conspired to put me here in a field hospital, where I now lay minus a few extraneous limbs. The nurse has just brought me a few papers and magazines wherewith to lighten the monotony of my convalescence. In turning over page after page, noting only headlines, my eye chanced upon the name Von Plaatz. At once I became interested, as the name recalled a friend whose acquaintance I had made at the University of Heidelberg. The article was in the "War Chronicle." It was an account of the disappearance of the young German lieutenant Gustav Von Plaatz. It seems that some thirty days previous to the publication of the paper the youthful officer had left his lines on a reconnoitering expedition, but had failed to return. Reading further I learned that the missing man was related to the Kaiser, and a liberal reward was offered for the return of his body. They assumed that he had paid the soldier's penalty. The concluding statement made mention of a positive mark of identification, a crescent-shaped scar on the left shoulder.

I suddenly experienced a chill that shook me so violently that it attracted the nurse's attention; it was brought on by a recollection of a scene that I had witnessed at a time corresponding to that of the disappearance of Lieuten-

ant Von Plaatz. A glance at the date of the "War Chronicle" made me feel certain that my association of the two incidents was not a mere fancy of the imagination. The memory of the affair was maddening, for prior to the declaration of the war, I had been studying at Heidelberg, and there my closest friend was Lieutenant Von Plaatz. I tried to argue with myself; tried to think that the execution which I had personally superintended had no connection with the man whose numerous kindnesses had made me forever his debtor. But it is impossible for me to try to evade the truth. As I lay here with nothing to do but think, an inexorable conscience insists upon torturing me with the motion pictures that the mind throws upon the screen of memory.

The first scene takes me back three months. I was with my troop, the 11th French Zouaves. We were approaching the Germans, who lay encamped about 8 miles distant. Our position was in a woods, a secure retreat, we thought. As we were preparing to halt there to rest our men and animals, a terrible rain of fire swept down upon our lines with telling effect. Before it was possible to alter our position the Germans had cut us almost in two with their most accurate fire. The chief of our division called a council; the result was an order to

scour the surrounding country for signs of the enemy's scouts. It was evident that the Germans had been informed of our position; they could not otherwise have located us so accurately with their long-range guns. The topography of the land was such that we could not see the enemy, nor they us. But on the hills separating us there were cottages belonging to the peasants. They were our betrayers, then! But no, our parties returning from their reconnoiters reported all the cottages deserted. There were no signs of life anywhere. Only on one hillside was a poor fellow, driven insane by the loss of his property on account of the war. Except for this unfortunate, tending a few sheep on the hill in front of our lines, no other person was discovered.

After six hours we were in a new quarter, about half a mile south of our former position, but still out of sight of the enemy, as the hills were just as numerous in this section. As we were moving to our new location I caught sight of the insane shepherd. He drove his flock parallel to our course, and his antics would have been laughable were it not for the fact that there was no mentality back of his actions. The poor fellow had quite a bit of trouble as he tried to make his charges go all abreast and then in single file. Before long he became the centre of attraction, as his ragged outline stood out in bold relief at the top of the hill. When we

pitched our camp at sundown the boys stood about in groups watching the peculiar sight afforded by the continued activities of the "shepherd of the hills," as they began to call him. The sheep had to stand for much rough treatment as the impulse to make them stand in a hollow square or in two lines facing each other, seized their tender.

After a while our chief came up to a little group where I stood. He looked troubled. Finally he suggested that we send for the lunatic and provide a few comforts for him. The man was accordingly brought to us. His flock, too, was brought along, as he showed signs of the greatest distress when they were about to be taken away. We attempted to question him, but no response came to interrogations put in English, German, French, Flemish or any of the numerous dialects that were tried. The man was a giant in build, the color of his hair and shaggy beard could not be distinguished on account of the excess of accumulated dirt. The teeth were nearly all broken. The rags that covered the well-formed limbs were offensive to the senses. When food was brought the idiot jumped at it, devouring the meal ravenously.

In the meantime the Chief watched him closely. "I believe he is shamming," he said, loud enough for the stranger to hear. But there was no change in the half-wit's demeanor. Still the Chief doubted. At that instant a stream of bullets cut down a score of our men, including the Chief.

Once again we were under fire, the source of which we could not trace; and which we could not restrain owing to our ignorance of the enemy's exact position. The accuracy of the gunners could be accounted for only by assuming that they knew just where to aim. We retreated hastily, taking the idiot along. Our staff suspected him so strongly that he was put into prison at Les Eparges. Nevertheless, the man never once gave us any indication that he playing a part, in spite of the fact that he was subjected to many and sudden tests that would have surely taken an ordinary man off his guard, were he acting.

One day we planned a new test. A very beautiful girl was dressed up as a nurse, and sent into the

shepherd's cell with food. Concealed on all sides were observers of every move the idiot made. The girl set down the tray of dishes and turned to go out. The man had just glanced at her once and had continued his insane mumbling and gesticulating as usual. Just as the girl was going out of the door she dropped her kerchief. Instantly the "shepherd" rushed over and picked it up. Then with a courteous gesture he said, "Bitte Fraulein," handing her the tiny bit of white.

Within a few seconds' time the man was bound hand and foot. The next day he was shot as a spy.

HE HAD A CRESCENT-SHAPED SCAR ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER.

Victor K. Fischlowitz, '16.

Mar!

They are dying, O my brothers,
They are dying by the score!

They are groaning in the trenches,
And the fields are steeped in
gore.

They are crying in their hovels,
They are working in the fields,
Are these women, yea and children,

That the men their lives may
yield.

'Mid the hissing shriek of shrapnel,

'Mid the mighty cannons' roar,
Are the men their lives foreclosing,
In this devastating war.

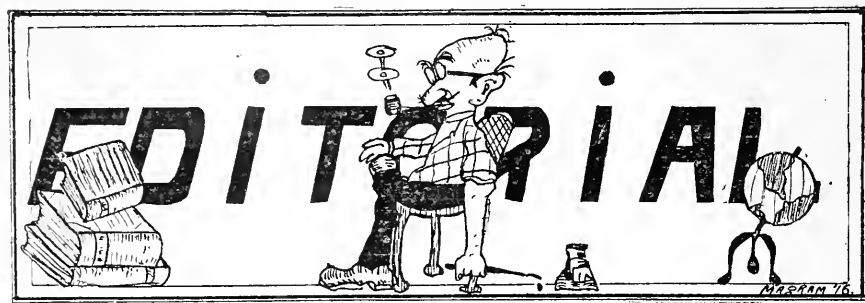
They are praying to Almighty,
They are calling to the Lord.

Are these greedy, gouging nations
And all seek the same reward.

But Almighty cannot hear them,
They've transgressed his Golden
Rule,

They've renounced the Good
Book's teachings,
And are now but Satan's tool!

S. L. '15.



The Gleaner

BENJAMIN WADE, Editor-in-Chief

VICTOR K. FISHLOWITZ, Literae

HARRY ZACK, Agriculture

SAMUEL DORFMAN, Athletics

MAXWELL BARNETT, Class and Club

BENJAMIN WADE, Exchange

BENJAMIN SMITH, Art

SOLOMON SHAPERO, Business Manager

LEON FLEISHMAN, Advertisements

JULIUS SIEGEL, Circulation

MRS LYDIA P. TORDEN, Faculty Adviser

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Editorial

June 6, known as the Big Day, is speedily trailing our heels. To the students of the National Farm School this day brings volumes of happiness, delight and satisfaction. The reason for the state of mind is obvious. The day extends an opportunity for the students to meet the Alumni as a body, and such meetings are always the manifestation of encouragement, ambition and per-

severance that ultimately leads to success.

It is to you, the Alumni, that we dedicate this issue of the Gleaner once more to revive those fond memories of the old school days, which, doubtless, are still echoing and lingering within you. You have already met the wide world and explored those nooks of life into which we in the course of time are to fol-

low. You have either met with success in the arena of life or you are on the verge of realizing that ambition.

Remember that you are the key and index of your alma mater and you are intrusted with

Among the new publications received last month, by far the most noteworthy is the work of Mr. John Foster Fraser. His book, "The Conquering Jew," published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, is the most satisfactory treatment of the subject that we have had the opportunity of reviewing. In his introductory chapter the author notes that he has tried to present the Jewish situation from an entirely impartial viewpoint. After a careful perusal of the volume we concluded that he has been eminently successful; in fact we are convinced that the writer has "studied the race without prejudice and without enthusiasm—though frequently with much wonder, which often merges into unstinted admiration." It is rarely found in books treating of this theme that either pro- or antiSemitic sentiment are completely wanting. As an unusual exception "The Conquering Jew" is all the more readable for being so absolutely "neutral."

The initial chapter is devoted to a general review of the activities of the Jews beginning with early biblical times. Various figures are given as regards the population and dispersal of this most versatile people during the dif-

a message to the world. Herald triumph. Organize and co-operate with us, for in co-operation is strength, and help us raise the efficiency and standard of our school.

ferent epochs of their history. Much of the material is necessarily statistical, yet it is so skillfully handled that the reader experiences none of the fatigue usually attendant upon the reading of the average account of such a nature.

Mr. Fraser then enters into the more specific particulars of his topic. Separate chapters are devoted to the treatment of the question as it has to be faced in the four quarters of the globe. Throughout the entire book there runs the thread of the history of the Jewish people in their various lands; and interwoven are numerous conclusions and generalities which the author introduces so opportunely that the reader is more and more fascinated with every succeeding page. Nothing is forced upon the public in this unique volume. Every statement, whether of great or little import, has its accompanying proofs. Altogether, the style is so captivating, the diction so pleasing, the information so desirable, and the entity of "The Conquering Jew" so complete that we do not hesitate to recommend the book to our most exacting friends.

Note.—The above criticism is the personal opinion of one of our editors and not of the entire staff.
—Editor-in-chief.

Von Leibig and Von Hindenburg

It takes a strong nation to produce great men. Weak nations can no more produce prodigies than infertile soils good crops. Yes, discerning observations will inevitably drive us to the conclusion that it is just as possible for a nation to employ its blessings for good as for evil. Let us cite the case of Justus Von Leibig and Baron Von Hindenburg. Both are great men. Both are endowed with those mental powers which are a positive demand on national vigor. How have they used their abilities? It seems apparent that whereas the former used them the latter abused them. They are true antipodes — constructive and destructive forces. Von Liebig was within certain limitations the ruler of all—the master of the elements. He bent the potential resources

of nature to his will; he was the fettered god of earth. His attainments rank among the highest of men—he created. He converted inert, inorganic matter into living, protoplasmic tissue. Can we ever forget him? No, not as long as we are fond of assimilating three meals daily. How about Von Hindenburg? He is a genius whose skill and integrity was wasted in martial strategy. We cannot regard him in the same light we regard Von Liebig. Both are heroes, but Von Liebig is by far a greater one. The memory of one will always be associated with wrecked homes, orphans, widows, death and dissolution. The memory of the other will always recall bounteous harvests, contented homes and smiling faces.

L. K. '16.

By the Way

Gutner, a new addition on our scrub faculty.

Gutner, you are the first and sole Freshman to be chosen biology assistant. We, the Seniors, bear you no malice. We hope Miss Borden's bugs will fill your head and overstock your cranium. You are the right man for the right job.

Latest fad of the Seniors, canes, pipes and molasses.

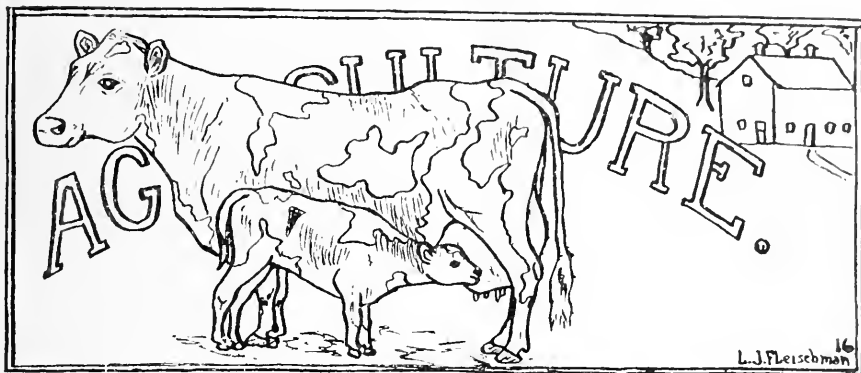
Siegel, Smith and Goldberg require a quickly available fertilizer for an exhaustive crop.

Mr. Young bought a "Ford." He can now safely and peacefully sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Reid sued Kaskin for breach of promise in the recent mock trial before the Literary Society. This is not the only mistake Reid made.

Poets are being developed abundantly in Farm School. Signs of July.

Phyllum I. King of the Freshmen.



HARRY ZACK, *Editor*

War and Agriculture

—O—

The present war demonstrates the importance of agriculture. That is if a country wishes to compete with the modern struggle for existence.

For example we can take Belgium. Her defeat would not of been so great if she had only had a means of supplying her army and inhabitants with food. Although her means of defense was one of the greatest to be found among the leading nations of military fame.

Within the last year she was a prosperous and industrial country, but today she is in the hands of famine, and might of been demolished were it not for the countries that are sending her food and other necessary supplies.

Germany might have been in the same condition were it not for her high agricultural standing. For years she has been one of the leading agriculture countries and today she can with-

stand the blockade of the enemy who are trying to check her food supply.

France has notified her remaining population, who are not connected with the army, to try and cultivate as much land as possible, because they were in fear of feeling the shortage of food supplies this coming fall.

Last fall, as Germany advanced upon France and Belgium she had to cross the rich agricultural sections of these countries, and as she advanced she harvested as much of the crops as she could to increase her food supply, but by doing this Belgium and France felt a great loss.

During the past decade the United States and Canada have encouraged agriculture as much as possible, and today ship cargoes of grain to the belligerent nations, and by this reaps a great sum of money, just because they increased her agricultural standing.

And so long as a nation encourages agriculture to the highest possible means she is sure not to face famine and ruin, whether she be defeated in warfare of any kind or not.

The present war, therefore, shows the world the absolute importance of securing a better

agricultural foundation, and not dropping what it already has, so no country will have to depend upon another nation to supply it with food in case of war. If this is done, a nation will uphold her dignity and power.

A. R. GOLDSTON, '17.

Farm Notes

Owing to the early season this year we have been enabled to prepare our fields in a much better condition than the previous year.

Two acres have been drilled into mangel wurtzels and sugar beets. Enough seed has been set out for two acres of cabbage, as this has proven to be very profitable.

This year we will try to raise enough asparagus from seed for a new bed, as the asparagus field at Farm No. II has not proven very successful.

Running water facilities have been added to the Farm Nos. I and III. The windmill that formerly stood in front of the greenhouse has been re-erected on Farm No. I. On Farm No. III an engine will be used to pump water to the house and barn.

The orchard department is using "Pyrox," a patented spray mixture, for the Codling moth, and plum curculio spray.

A small cherry orchard was set on Farm No. II below the peach orchard.

The raising of alfalfa on the school fields has long been one of Mr. Bishop's fondest hopes. After repeated failures on experiment plots we have at last succeeded in getting a stand. The one-acre experiment plot is in a thriving condition and bids fair to give a good cutting this summer.

This success may be due to the following reasons:

1. The plot is located on what has proven to be the most fertile field in the school.

2. It was well prepared and a liberal dressing of lime was supplied.

3. The plot was well inoculated with soil, abounding with alfalfa bacteria, taken from an old experiment plot.

4. A double amount of seed was put in, thus insuring good germination.

JUST A FEW



EVERY TIME OUR WILD CAT
TERROR FROM ARHANSAW, STARTS
TO VOCALIZE
WE TREMBLE
IN OUR SHOES.



THIS IS THE ORIGINATOR OF
"THE 'HANSAW' RAG

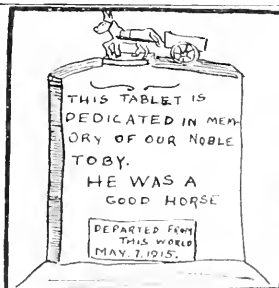


THESE ARE
THE FRESH
MEN HEAVY-
WEIGH CHAMPS

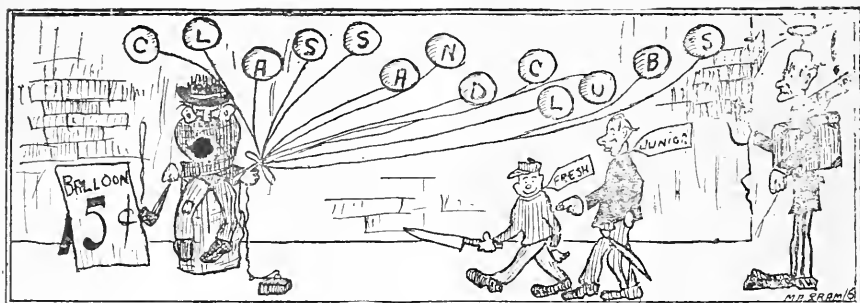
AT A FIRST GLANCE, GENTLE READER,
YOU WOULD TAKE THIS AS AN ATTEMPT AT
VENUS ENJOYING ANAP, BUT IT IS
MERELY PICKLES, SEEDING ONIONS



THE LATEST RAGE IN
FARM SCHOOL - ALL THE SENIORS
ARE NOW
WEARING CANES



11



MAXWELL BARNETT, '17, Editor

Class of 1916.

"Two-bits on 'Cutey.'

"That guy is fakin' it," thundered through the Camp Arden arena, as our Freshies were busily and hotly elucidating the art of self-defense in the annual boxing tournament, held under the auspices of the Senior class. We are glad that no rules were broken or skulls fractured.

Messrs. Kasken and Fischlowitz joined our ranks and we extend a cordial welcome to them.

H. S.

Class of "1917"

Our class is practicing for the Freshman-Junior game that is to be played soon. As we are well represented on the Varsity, there is no doubt in our minds that we will make a clean sweep

We are sorry to state that our classmate Manis has been called from our ranks to face the world. We are sure he'll "make good." Here's luck to you Manis!

M. B. '17.

Class of 1918

The 1918 Class is now organized and the following officers were elected for our Fresh year:

George Helfand, president.

A. Jacobstein, vice president.

D. Rovinsky, secretary-treasurer.

We have elected a baseball captain and manager and are practicing for the game with the Juniors.

We are represented on the Varsity baseball team.

G. A. '18.

We have been very busy during the past month setting out hedges and ornamental shrubs in Doylestown and vicinity.

Over fifty thousand hardwood privet cuttings and five thousand carnation plants have been planted.

Literary Society

—o—

"Williams vs. O'Connel," reared the clerk of the court at a mock trial held in Segal Hall, Saturday evening, April 17.

The suit, a breach of promise, was brought on Mr. Kaskin, alias James O'Connel, by Mrs. Williams, alias William Reid. The judge, B. Wade, was kept busy overruling and sustaining objections, while the audience did nothing but roar and applaud. Nothing can beat true success.

The foreman of the jury, M. Krnis, presented the verdict to the defendant, Mr. O'Connel. His decision was based on the soundness of the defendants in testimony aided by his witnesses, M. G. Frank and M. Tobalsky. V. K. Fishlovitz, counsellor for the plaintiff, did excellent work. Great credit is also due to Magram and Klevansky, witnesses for the plaintiff.

H. S., '16.

Yep, another society exists! Have you not noticed some students with "bowling alley domes?" Sh! I'll tell you the name of this club; it is the "Jail Breakers' Organization," which has again come to light after a long dormant period. It is a very active collection of rough-necks as was evidenced by their thorough overhauling of the Farm School Postoffice. The qualifications for admission are as follows:

- 1.—Look tough.
- 2.—Act tough.
- 3.—Be rough.
- 4.—Have your hair cut a la Sing Sing style.
- 5.—Know how to wield a blackjack.

At present the society boasts of three specimens: Goldberg, Siegal and Smith. As no dues are charged, the club will soon boast of a large membership.

I didn't raise my boy to go to Farm School,

To tackle mush and spuds three times a day,

Who dares to make him clean that Algene mule,

Or harrow thro' a field of bloss'ming hay,

To let him be a hecker is a pity;

It's time he put his milk and toys away,

The roosters wouldn't lay,

If mothers all would say:

I'd rather have my Oswald in the city.

And so he, too, has departed from our midst to join the endless procession of the deceased. With fallen spirit and extreme sorrow we attended his obsequies. You say he is of greater value now than he was during his whole life time. Well, perhaps, yes. Good old Toby, "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return." May the tankage factory prolong his praises and future crops prove his worth.

What say you, why eulogize an uncouth brute, a plug? In the first place, handsome is what handsome does. And, even if we concede, as long as his remains do not invade our Culinary Department, may he rest in peace. Mr. Harman Craft, accept our consolations in your bereavement. Fate and the elements have deprived you of an inimitable friend, a psychological wonder, an equine phenomena. Grieve not, fear not! He surely hit the "saw-dust trail." His soul is even now ascending the path of the righteous.

Let us draw the curtain of charity over his faults and extol

his virtues. What if he would not work when he could and could not when he would? He never betrayed a friend nor missed an opportunity to retaliate on an enemy. He was an able and efficient instructor. Hoof or tooth, he never failed to drive a lesson home. To him the Freshies are indebted for the elementary principles of equine education. His death deprived Farm School of a shining light and the agricultural world at large of a potent factor. He was the hero of many a thrilling anecdote, the central figure of many a startling tale. His deeds, or rather misdeeds, formed eloquent themes for many songs and anthems. He lived a hero for amusement; he died a martyr for progress.

Farewell, good old Toby! Forgive these erring lips; why do they smile? Thoughts of you will always be reminiscences of hot, throat parching days, when we followed you in the dust-mulching cultivator, and incidentally of merry, enjoyable evenings when in chorus to the accompaniment of the piano we sang your praises:

I want to be, I want to be,
With Toby in the cultivator;
Dora and Charley are no good
And Barney's fit for kindling
wood;

You ought to see, you ought to
see,

Toby in the cultivator;

It takes him some time to get
his pace,

But then you ought to see the
expression on his face!

I want to be, I want to be, etc.

LOUIS KASKIN, '16.



SAMUEL DORFMAN, '16, Editor

Farm School, 11, Perkasia, 3

Amidst cheering and singing the ball season was opened on April 24 by the umpire's cry: "Play ball." The nervousness which is always in attendance at the first game soon wore off as we came to bat in the first inning.

Kaufman, our diminutive short-stop and captain, hit the ball to third base and was safe on first by a quick slide. He advanced to third on Dorfman's hit between first and second base. In desperation after two out, our captain stole home. This completely baffled Wagruihoist, the Perkasia pitcher, and the

next ball was a wild throw to the catcher, advancing Dorfman, who, in the meantime, stole second and third base, to the plate. Next man fled out, thus ending the inning.

Perkasia tightened up after this until the fourth, when we started another slaughter which netted us four runs.

The visitors received their only run in the eighth, when Moran singled, stole second and in stealing third, Berger threw wild to Bergstein, allowing the runner to score.

Wagner's pitching was of the major league style, striking out twelve men. The score:

FARM SCHOOL

AB. H. R. A. E.

Kaufman, capt., ss.	5	4	2	1	0
Dorfman, rf.	5	1	1	0	0
Bergstein, 3b.	4	0	0	2	0
Wagner, p.	4	1	0	1	0
Klevansky, lf.	4	1	1	0	0
Margolin, cf.	3	2	2	1	0
Wilensky, 2b.	4	2	2	3	1
Kashowsky, 1b.	4	1	1	6	0
Burger, c.	4	0	1	0	2
Segal, cf. (sub)	1	0	1	0	0

Total 38 12 11 14 3

P. H. S. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 — 1

Farm S. 2 0 0 4 0 4 1 0 x — 11

Umpires—Ross and Prouty.

PERKASIE H. S.

AB. H. R. A. E.

Pricket, 2b.	4	0	0	1	1
Snyder, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1
Schmin, ss.	4	1	0	1	1
Yeakel, 1b. capt.	4	1	0	2	1
Wagruihoist, p.	4	0	0	2	0
Groff, lf.	3	0	0	0	0
Moran, cf.	3	1	1	0	0
Smith, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Glatter, c.	3	0	0	0	2

Totals 32 3 1 7 0

Farm School, 1A, U. of P. Eng., 5

—o—

Showing a great improvement over last week's game, Farm School defeated the U. of P. Engineering School on May 1 to the tune of 14 to 5. Up to the fifth inning the game was closely contested, then

GOOD NIGHT!

In their first half of the first inning, Gotwals struck out, Murray walked. Bennis hit to centre, and on a wild throw Murray scored. Bennis was out trying to reach third. One run.

In our half: Kaufman flied out. Dorfman walked. Bergstein hit a double to centre. Dorfman scored. Bergstein was out trying to stretch the hit to a three-bagger. Wagner

singled. Joy singled. Margolin out. One run.

We also scored in the next two innings.

In the fifth the bombardment against the opposing battery silenced their pitcher, Bennis, whose cannon was replaced by Gotwals' rapid-fire gun in the sixth. But the rapid firing was all on our side and the close of the sixth inning showed Farm School six "bull's eyes."

Wagner seemed to weaken and the engineers scored four more runs in three innings.

The game was called in the seventh, as the visitors had to catch a train. Score:

FARM SCHOOL

U. of P. ENGINEERING

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Kaufman, ss. capt.	2	2	1	0	0
Dorfman, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Bergstein, 3b.	0	1	0	1	0
Wagner, p.	0	0	2	1	0
Joy, rf.	3	3	0	0	0
Margolin, cf.	2	1	1	1	1
Wilensky, 2b.	3	1	2	1	0
Koshowsky, 1b.	2	1	1	1	0
Burger, c.	1	1	2	2	0

Total 14 11 9 7 1

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Gotwals, ss.	0	0	1	1	0
Murray, c.	1	1	0	1	1
Tighe, lf., capt.	0	0	0	0	0
Bennis, p.	1	3	0	4	0
Cumney, cf.	0	1	0	1	0
Zitzer, 3b.	0	0	3	0	0
Landberg, 1b.	1	0	5	0	1
Strauer, 2b.	1	1	1	0	0
Reminger, rf.	1	1	0	0	0

Totals 5 7 10 7 2

U. of P. 1 0 0 0 1 1 2=5

Farm School 1 1 1 0 5 0 8=14

Umpires—Ross and Prouty.

In a closely contested game, Farm School again displayed major league ball playing by defeating the crack Phillipsburg High School team on May 8 by a score of 5 to 1.

The game was exciting throughout, and the result was always in doubt. Our boys' aggressive attacks and fast playing finally won out.

FARM SCHOOL.

R. H. O. A. E

Kaufman, ss., capt.	1	1	0	4	0
Dorfman, lf0	0	1	0	1
Bergstein, 3b0	1	0	6	0
Wagner, p.0	1	1	0	0
Joy, rf.1	0	0	0	0
Margolin, cf.1	3	0	0	0
Wilensky, 2b.1	0	5	0	1
Koshkowsky, 1b.	...1	1	9	1	3
Berger, c.0	1	1	0	0
Klevansky, rf. sub.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals5 8 17 11 3

Phillipsb'g. 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Farm S... 1 0 0 1 3 0 0 0 x—5

Umpires—Ross and Citron.

Wagner's portside flinging was superior to the visitors' pitching. Whenever he was in a "hole" his mighty wing would pull him out.

The team in general played fast and clean and at all times were masters of the situation. The score:

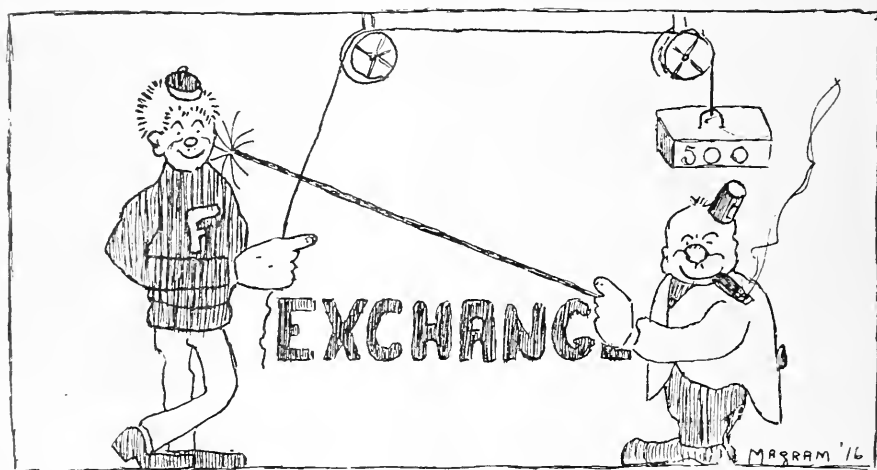
PHILLIPSBURG H. S.

R. H. O. A. E.

Willever, lf0	0	2	0	1
Raub, ss.0	1	0	2	1
Rittenhouse, 3b.	...0	0	1	4	0
W. Gephart, c.0	0	3	1	2
Gephart, p. cf. capt.	1	1	1	0	0
Bowers, 2b.0	1	1	4	1
Kroesen, 1b.0	0	10	1	1
Bercau, rf.0	1	0	0	0
Bellis, p.0	0	1	1	1
Watson, cf., sub.	...0	1	0	0	0

Totals1 5 19 13 7





BENJAMIN WADE, *Editor*

We gratefully beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

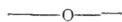
The Blue and Gray, Iris, The Bulletin (Montclair, N. J.); Red and Black (Tampa, Fla.); The Review (Phila. Trades School); The Mirror (Bethlehem, Pa.); The Oriole (Brooklyn, N. Y.); Southron, The Mirror (Philadelphia); The Record (Woodbine, N. J.); Garnet and White, The Oracle (Cincinnati, O.); Commerce Caravel (New York); The Junto, The Advocate, The Mt. Airy World,

The Student (Covington Ky.); The Pioneer, The Archive, The Blue Bird, Hilltop, Orange and Black, Delaware College Review, Wise Acres, The Orient, The Brown and White, The Review (Shamokin, Pa.); The Perkiomenite, The Record (Sioux City); The Pivot.

The Milltop: We anxiously awaited the end of your story, "A Man and His Way." It is a thrilling story, written in a good literary style.

The Blue Bird: You rank foremost among our exchanges

With Our Graduates



On June 6, 1915, the Alumni Association of the National Farm School will hold its semi-annual meeting at the school. Mr. James Work, president of the association, requests the presence of every alumnus on that day and help in the co-operation toward the betterment of their Alma Mater.

Max Fleisher, 'c8, is manager of the dairy department of the Feeble-Minded Training School at Vineland, N. J.

M. Mitzman, 'o2 has just returned from London where he was engaged in entomological research. He is now an entomologist in the United States Department of Agriculture.

James Work, '13, our football coach and president of the Alumni Association, is operating a farm of his own at Perkiomenville, Pa. At present he is engaged in extensive diversified farming and he expects to build up a herd of pure-bred Holsteins and Guernseys.

A Miller, 'o8, is a member and general manager of the firm A. Henderson Seed and Bulb House of Chicago.

M. Moskowitz, 'o7, is owner of a farm in the Neshaminy Valley, Pa.

B. Ostralenk, 'o6, is director of Agriculture at Canby, Minnesota. He has recently been re-elected for the fourth time.

Harry Browde, '14, is connected with N. Subler, landscape architects in Philadelphia.

J. L. Rosenthal, '14, is herdsman of a large herd at Lanoka, N. J.

Wm. J. Lachman, 'o7, who was connected with the Pittsburgh Electric Co. for some time, returned to farming. He claims farming is the best of real occupations.

M. Goldman, 'o3, is quite successful in educating children in the science of agriculture and mechanic arts at Norma, N. J. Mr. Goldman is also the director of the Norma Experiment Station.

I. Wallman, 'o7, is the chief veterinarian of Indianapolis. He graduated two years ago from the Ohio State University.

Wm. Snowice, '10, is successful in raising poultry on his farm in Bridgeton, N. J.

Charles Horn '06, secretary of the Alumni Association, is superintendent of the "Vacant Lot Cultivation Association," of Philadelphia.

Aaron J. Friedman, '14, is specializing in horticulture at the Penn State College.

L. Hellfan, '13, will enter the Ohio State University for a course in farm management.

Ben Goldberg, '12, married S. Rocklins's, '10, sister. He is the chief dairyman of a large dairy near Scranton, Pa.

Doc Redalia, '12, is in charge of a large fruit farm at Narvon, Pa.

Fred Weigle, '14, is the manager of the poultry department at the same place. Both are quite successful.

Alex E. Manis, '04, sends greetings from San Diego, Cal. He is engaged in landscape gardening.

H. Frank, '07, recently married. He is in charge of a large land company in Illinois. His specialty is the buying of worn-out farms and improve them to a paying basis.

H. Rich, '02, is manager of the American Sumatra Tobacco Co. plant at West Orange, Conn.

S. Rudley, '08, is assistant superintendent of school gardens of Philadelphia.

Harry Shor, '15, is in charge of the Holstein herd of the Montefiore Home at Bedford Hills, N. Y.

The vegetable garden and some of the flower beds have already been set out. Plants for the early crop of tomatoes have been set out in the carnation beds in the lower greenhouse.

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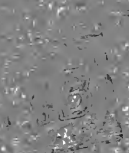
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